

May 1913 1913

II

The Zephyrus

Astoria, Ore.

Done by Wastton

as. H. S.

Apr. 10, 1913,

Freeman.



March

1913

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No. 6

A Snake and a Man

(By DeWitt Gilbert.)

It was a terrifically hot day in July when Col. Roderick McChester, of His Majesty's Royal Highlanders, took his last earthly bath. All the heat of the awful Indian sun beat down mercilessly on the beach at Madras. It was a day incarnate with all the heat of the fierce tropical summer. The white sand shone with a dazzling glare, but nevertheless a large portion of the population of the town had turned out to seek relief from the heat in the blue waters of the Indian Ocean. Men of every type and stamp were there; little brown men from the interior, tall, thin Sikhs, with their eternal turbans, merchants and snake charmers, and, a little apart, all the strength and beauty of the English quarter. Among these last were many officers from the garrison, and among them was the gallant Colonel of the Highlanders.

When the most torrid part of the day was past, the Colonel emerged from the water and made his way up the beach to his bath-house, which stood at some little distance from the others. He entered, locking the door after him, and placed the key in the pocket of his trousers, which hung on the wall. A large tub of water stood in one corner, where it was his custom to draw water in which to wash the sand from his feet. He prepared a small pail for this purpose and reached to a little shelf which was nailed to the wall and some distance above his head for a small jar with which to bail the water from the one receptacle to the other. As the jar seemed rather heavy he inverted it to let the water, as he supposed, run out. Instead of the expected water, an angry hiss followed by a small serpent dropped forth. The Colonel leaped back and the reptile fell into the tub of water. It took but a glance to tell the officer, schooled as he was in the details of Indian life, that this little snake, scarcely more than a foot in length, was a hamadryad, the most poisonous serpent in the world. Small, dusty-

brown, active, these snakes take an appalling number of human lives among the poorer class in India.

McChester took no thought of killing the snake, but grabbed instinctively for his trousers and the precious key. He was frantically groping about in the wrong pocket when a peculiar hiss warned him that the reptile was out of the tub and moving to the attack. He left his trousers and leaped to the bench on the other side of the room. The serpent followed silently—swiftly. He leaped far over its head and seized his trousers once more. With the precious garments across his arm he prepared for the return. As he was in the air, a metallic rattle startled him, and looking down, he saw the key disappear through one of the cracks left in the floor thru which to drain off the water. The danger of his position was at once trebled. To be alone in a small eight by ten bath house with nothing to protect ones self against the deadliest reptile which nature claims on the earth is enough to strike terror in any man. The Colonel was in his bare feet with his arms and shoulders also uncovered. He glanced about in the hopes of seeing some article with which he could resist his foe. The room was bare but for the bench, which was screwed to the wall, and the tub of water. It would have been equally impossible to have used either of these against his diminutive antagonist even if he had had time in which to wield them. The monotonous chase continued. The pursuer, silent as death, swift, unrelenting, fearless; the fugitive awkward in his cramped radius, helplessly, hopelessly wishing that his grim follower would tire of the chase and drop through the cracks of the floor.

In the tropics night falls hastily, and "the dawn comes up like thunder." In the little bath-house it had suddenly grown rather dusk, the beach a few hundred yards away had been deserted, and even the tramp dogs that infest the cities of the East had gone skulking off to the town. The ceaseless scramble in the bath-house continued. Now and then McChester tried to lift his voice in a pitiful cry for help, but the exertion had left him without breath with which to call had any one been near. His strength was failing too, and it was with difficulty that he cleared the space from one side of the room to the other. He was not the gay, polo-playing, love-making athlete that had graduated from Oxford fifteen years before, and the pace was telling on the muscles made soft by the leisurly, luxurious life of a colonial army post. The dark-

ness also added to the difficulty of his position, as the only knowledge he had of the snake's whereabouts was given by the two green sparks that marked his eyes.

The Colonel swung himself to a rafter and hung there for a brief space, but was forced to move by the two gleaming emeralds that slowly climbed the wall. His limbs seemed dead and unable to move except when driven on by the extremest pril. His brain reeled and he stumbled and tripped continuously. The serpent was tiring also, but not in the proportion that the man was. The Colonel staggered across the room, and as he did so his foot struck something that rolled away. He remembered the jar in which the snake had been sleeping, and when he came that way again, with a quick stoop he grasped the glass. He gained the bench, and with a sudden sweep of his arm sent the missile at the moving emeralds. A crash, an angry hiss, a sob from the man, and all was still.

The aim of the blow had been true and the snake had been cut and severely hurt by the breaking glass. The throw, however, had been the last effort of a gallant soldier to preserve his life, for McChester had sunk, unable to move on the little bench, to all appearances, dead. Though wounded, the hamadryad did not give up. He had only a spark of life left with which to cross the room and achieve the revenge for which he had been striving for hours. Slowly, painfully, it wormed across the floor toward the helpless man. The man in his semi-conscious state looked dully at the two green sparks that were dragging across the room. His bare feet were extended toward the reptile. It moved in halts and jerks now, the light rising and fading in the green eyes, for death was dragging hard upon his tail; it writhed forward a few inches more; another inch, another, and with a contented hiss it sank its fangs deep into the Colonel's bare toe. Then Colonel Roderick McChester, of His Majesty's Royal Highlander's, shuddered all over, and, murmuring his wife's name, "Patsy," died.

The next morning the searchers broke in the door and found the man and beast linked together in one bite that had killed both of them.

Underpaid

By W. B. W.

Men gathered in small groups. All seemed agitated—all seemed angry! "Another reduction in wages!"

"I am for striking!"

"Tyrants!"

"We have got to live!"

"Oh! Hold your jaw. We can't strike at 50 below zero."

"Strike?—Man, you're a fool!"

The air seemed charged with an electrical wave of malicious hate, intensified by an inability to better the matter.

"When one man has so much and others so little, why does he take from them to swell his own wealth?" This is the cry of the oppressed—all downtrodden children of God. The answer comes—"Unto him that hast will be given, and unto him that hast not will be taken away."

Why are the mornings grey? Does it exemplify the sadness, the weariness of another day? No not that—surely not that. Morning should be bright, new, strong, beautiful. Late mornings are, but early mornings are grey in their misty cloak, in their spirit. They are bright alone to "him who hast."

Unmistakably, the Automobile Company had declared a reduction in wages, which were already too low, but lower must go. "We must pay bigger dividends," was the cry.

James was a moulder, e. i. James was the man to make the back truss of the * * * Automobile. Today James was blue. He had done his best. He and his family were just able to live, and now wages were to be reduced again. He had arrived at a state of mental depression where he felt that he did not care what happened.

Mechanically he went about his work removing the castings from their beds of sand. His trained senses recognized a vast flaw—flaws were not uncommon occurrences, and on other occasions he would have cast the truss out. But now, exemplifying his mood, he reasoned what difference did it make to him whether a truss was perfect or not, and he passed it on.

The machinist, who commonly would have cast an imperfect truss aside with a kick, said, "Oh, it will do. What do I care?" and he finished it up. The inspector of the work was in a hurry to get

home, so he said, "Pass them along, Pete. What have I got to worry about? It's not my funeral?"

And so the defective truss was embodied in one of the * * * * Company's finest automobiles. It was painted and shellaced until even the keenest observer could not detect the flaw.

Mr. Bead, president of the * * * * Auto Company, had two children, of whom, as is often the case with such men, he thought the world. Henry was inclined to be wild, but his father thought him almost perfect. Louise, the daughter, was a girl of amazing beauty and spirit. The old man's redeeming feature was his love for these two motherless, pampered children of fortune.

The committee had remonstrated with Mr. Bead, but of no avail—wages must be lowered. Under no circumstances could he think of letting them stand as they were, he remarked to his secretary as he showed them the door. "Poor fools. Unto him that hast shall be given—".

Another gray morning, not only over the homes of the poor wage earners, but also over the great house of the master. A great monster had stalked into the midst of the luxury, and silent and menacingly it had settled its pall over the house on the hill.

Henry Bead was held in the county jail for murder. It seems that the affair had happened in a gambling room, and as Henry had been overcome by liquor he could not say, for a certainty, whether he had committed the crime or not.

All that money, power and love could do was done, but with no avail. Great lawyers argued the case; great detectives worked to find some clue which would lead to the discovery of him who really was guilty of the crime—but of no use. The jury brought, after two days, the decision of guilty of murder in the first degree. Henry Bead was sentenced to hang on the second day of April, 1913.

The 1st of April dawned another gray morning. Mr. Bead was away using his influence and the last minutes in trying to persuade the governor to grant a reprieve for a short time. But it was of no use—the case was too strong, too clear against the lad. "I'm sorry, good-bye." With these words Mr. Bead was shown to the door, a broken-hearted man.

Louise sat in the big house thinking—oh! why must she think—why must she think!—why must she suffer! Oh, God, why? She sat alone, thinking. One by one the minutes ticked away, and

slowly the hours passed. Dong, dong—twelve times the big clock in the hall struck. Nine more hours for Henry to live. Henry, her big, light-hearted brother; her playmate; her comforter, was soon to die—to be hanged! She covered her face with her white hands and slowly tears of agony fell, wrung by bitter and deepest sorrow and despair. Surely he could not die thus—no—no—she paced the floor with faltering steps. Dong—eight more hours for him to live. How slowly pass the minutes, but how rapidly the hours fleet away. Twice struck the clock in the hall which tolled forth death. Seven more hours of waiting—seven hours! How long—no how short! She must do something. Why did she walk here uselessly? She was hastily brought to her senses by the insistent ringing of the telephone.

“Hello, is this Mr. Bead?—no—Well this is Mr. O’Brien. I have discovered a clue and have followed it up, and now I have a sworn affidavit of the man who murdered Roseburg. How?—what? How can we get there in time—No—There is no train. Ten to five—four hours yet. Two hundred and three miles—automobile—cant get one. No—can’t drive. You will take me!—In five minutes—good,” came over the ‘phone.

Louise in her high-powered machine was with the detective at her side, spinning along the road towards the country. Her heart sang with the motor. “Henry is free! Henry is free!” Half way there the pace was beginning to tell. She felt her strength departing and pains were shooting through her heart. But she sang to herself, “Henry will be free!”

A sudden difficult turn! A defective truss! The mangled remains of the high-powered car and two bodies! The wreck was found at nine o’clock that morning, as the clock in the hall tolled forth the death of the son of the president of the * * * * * Automobile Co. He was hanged innocent, but there was no one to say otherwise. The souls of the two children of the rich tyrant faced their maker on that gray morning.

Alone, aged and worn, Bead sat—each morning a gray one, and each night a dark one—oblivious of the strike that was raging. His memory and lips repeated the words, “Unto him that hast will be given, and unto him that hast not will be taken away.”

* * * * *

Saved

(By Arthur Fertig.)

Thomas McQuire was a chimney sweep of great renown. He was noted for his great size and strength, but people often wondered why the great "hulk" of a man should follow this dangerous line of work. It was a peculiar sight to see this big fellow, with his high hat cocked on the side of his head and his paraphernalia hanging down his back wandering along the street with a careless "don't care" sort of shuffle. Passers-by often turn to have a second look at this peculiar character.

One day a few weeks ago as Tom was slouching along Duane Street past the Troy Laundry, the manager came out and hired him to clean the large stack on the laundry. At once Tom was "all business," and straightway began making preparations for the work on hand. It took him the rest of the day to get everything in shape for work, but on the next morning bright and early he was on the job. He scaled the stack and proceeded to give it such a cleaning as it had never had before.

Near noontime, as Tom was finishing the job, he tried to slide around to the other side of the stack so that he could work to a better advantage, but as he raised up to change his position he slipped and fell head first into the stack. There he stuck, out of view from the curious world below, and, no matter how he twisted or turned, he did not budge an inch.

After a short time the fireman of the laundry came up to see how Tom was getting along, but look where he would he could find no sign of him, and so concluded that he had finished the job and departed. He determined to start a fire and have plenty of steam up by the time the night watchman came to work.

All this time Tom was "stuck up" there in the top of the stack, half crazed with fear, and, as the smoke began to pour into his face he came to the conclusion that all was over with him.

He began to think of all the mean things he had ever done to his fellowmen, and just as he was about to give up the ghost a very peculiar thing happened to him. He suddenly remembered that he had refused to keep his "ad" in "The Zephyrus," and he felt so small that he drifted up out of the stack with the smoke and floated across the city, to be landed on Coxcomb hill without a scratch.

An Interrupted Vacation

(By Leo Furney)

"I suppose that Willie is with his uncle by now," said Mrs. Doane to her husband who had ensconced himself comfortably in an arm-chair before the glowing fire-place. "Yes," he replied, after a brief hesitancy, "I think he ought to be there by now."

Willie Doane, concerning whom the conversation took place, was employed as a private stenographer in the business of his father, a prospering mercantilist in Chicago. During the past six months of his employment Willie's health had been gradually failing. The thought of going out West was approved by both his father and mother, for a rest of this nature would possibly improve his health.

Uncle George, as he was called by the Doane family, lived in a thriving hamlet of Northern California. There he prospered as Constable, Notary Public, proprietor of the "Cash Store," and owner of a seven acre farm.

While the conversation had been going on between the father and mother that morning, Willie, by strange coincidence, had just stepped off the train at his proposed destination. As he proceeded up towards the main part of the town behind a few farmers who had come to watch the train arrive, he overheard their conversation that "Slicky Slim" had escaped from jail, and that four posses, together with his uncle (the Constable), were in hasty pursuit. His present whereabouts is more or less an enigma to them, but it is the general opinion that he will surely be captured before evening. "Slicky Slim" was being held for the murder and robbery of Si Hopkins, a farmer, and it was while the Constable was awaiting instructions from the authorities that he had made good his escape. This news had spread throughout the town like a wild prairie fire. Men flocked on street corners arguing and discussing his escape and capture. Already a large poster was being placed on the bulletin board in front of the Notary Public office stating that a reward of \$100 will be offered for the capture of "Slicky Slim."

Thus Willie tells the story:

"As I slowly promenaded up the main thorofare, being at a loss as to where I should go, I stopped a young man and asked him if he could direct me to the home of the Constable. "Why, have yer

caught "Slicky Slim!—Thar's a hundred dollars reward fir him. See that sign!" All this he answered in hasty surprise, without paying the least attention to my question. "No, not exactly," I replied, "only I wished to know where the Constable lives." Being informed that his home was about one mile directly to the South I proceeded on my way. As I left the young man a group of farmers who stood near by and who overheard my conversation watched me continually with a keen and suspicious look.

"I found the house without much difficulty, and was just about to enter the gate, when lo, those farmers who had overheard my conversation scarcely a half-hour ago, were right at my footsteps. One of their lot accosted me, saying: 'Wait a minute, partner, we want ter speak to yer.' This aroused my curiosity, and I wondered in amazement at what they might possibly want. Presently one of them shouted, 'You're "Slicky Slim" in disguise, and we've—' he did not finish the sentence, for I was seized and bound from hand to foot. A wagon was prepared for the occasion, and but a few minutes elapsed before I was on my way toward the jail.

"Now what do you think of me in such a predicament! I, who came to enjoy a quiet and peaceful vacation on a farm, was on my way to the jail. I tried to explain to them, but my pleadings could not penetrate the minds of such thoughtless imbeciles. I made several attempts to break away, but at each attempt I was overpowered. I felt disgusted. Everything I tried to do resulted in a failure, so I gave up all hope. The men who rode in the wagon beside me watched me with an observant eye, and if I turned to either side they were upon me.

"Boys, even men, followed in a procession behind the wagon; everybody wanted to get a glimpse of me—'Slicky Slim,' the murderer. Gradually the crowd increased. A stranger would easily mistake this procession for a parade, or, if less noise prevailed, a funeral march; (all to see me landed into the town's one-room jail.)

"Presently five men came tearing through the town at break-neck speed up to where the excitement reigned. As they approached I recognized my uncle, but I didn't even speak. Finally he cried out, 'What have you there?'

"'Slicky Slim,' and we want the \$100 reward,' answered the proud farmers all in harmony.

"'No it ain't,' responded the Constable, 'We caught 'Slicky

Slim' in Centerberg, and he's lodged in the jail there.' The farmers were taken by storm. The effect of their shock almost killed them all. (I wish it had.) As the posses were unbinding the cords that bound me the Constable recognized me and shouted out in surprise: 'By gum, if you ain't Cousin Willie!' 'Yes, and I wish to thank you for the great vacation I enjoyed, good-bye,' I retorted, as I made a bee-line through the crowd, and I was just in time to catch the train for Chicago."

* * * * *

Roxana, the Dawn of the Day

(By Jessie Garner.)

Many, many years ago, long before little children were taught that there were no fairies and that Natures's children could not talk, in the beautiful isle of "Utopia" there dwelt the most lovely maiden in all the world. She had golden hair, not unlike the color of the sun itself, which shown down on her every day, and "eyes as blue as the fairy flax that blooms in the month of May." But this maiden was not as happy as she was lovely, no, far from it, for she was as lonely and sad as she could be. Each day Roxana, meaning, "dawn of day," for such was her name, would walk to the edge of the island, and, seating herself on a rock, look towards the horizon and weep bitterly.

One day as she was weeping and whispering to herself, a brave little wavelet ran up to her, and gently lapping her feet, whispered, "Dear, Roxana, pray little Roxana, why do you weep?"

And the maiden answered, "Brave little wavelet, I weep because I am so lonely," and the little wavelet slowly and sadly receded into the arms of the wild ocean.

Upon the following day the wavelet ran gaily up to Roxana and joyfully said, "Ah, Roxana, weep not, for I am sure your troubles are over. Peregrine, the only son of Neptune, is also pining away from loneliness, so I have told him of your beauty and kindness, and he is coming up from his home to visit you, and perhaps, (shyly) woo you. Oh, Roxana, weep not, for here is Peregrine himself," and Roxana, on looking up, saw riding on a throne in a chariot of gold, in which pearls, sapphires, in fact every stone imaginable, were imbedded, drawn by four snow-white dolphins, the most handsome man she had even seen in her life. At last Roxana

was happy with joy and friendship, and at last was Peregrine happy also after the weary days in the sea.

Each day Roxana and Peregrine would sit at the edge of the beautiful Utopia and each day Peregrine would think, "Roxana is more beautiful than ever."

At last, Peregrine, as they sat on the faithful rock, told Roxana of his great love for her, which she assured him she reciprocated.

On the following day Roxana, gowned in a most beautiful creation of sea-green to remind Peregrine of his home in the deep, and a most exquisite string of emeralds entwined in her golden hair, returned to the rock, but to her surprise and keen disappointment, not a sign of Peregrine or his chariot did she see. She waited and waited, but all in vain. Suddenly the sky, which had once been so bright and clear, and even the whole world, grew dark and cold, and again she wept bitter tears. In the midst of her grief a great billow rolled to her feet and she felt herself borne away on its crest. Startled, she was about to cry for help, but she felt a strong arm supporting her, a well-known voice whispered in her ear and she disappeared in the sea-green depths—the bride of Peregrine, son of Neptune.

* * * * *



* * *

"Do you want to go to the game tonight?"

She answered, "Certainly."

She thought it was a bid, all right—

But he said, "Buy your ticket from me?"

THE ZEPHYRUS

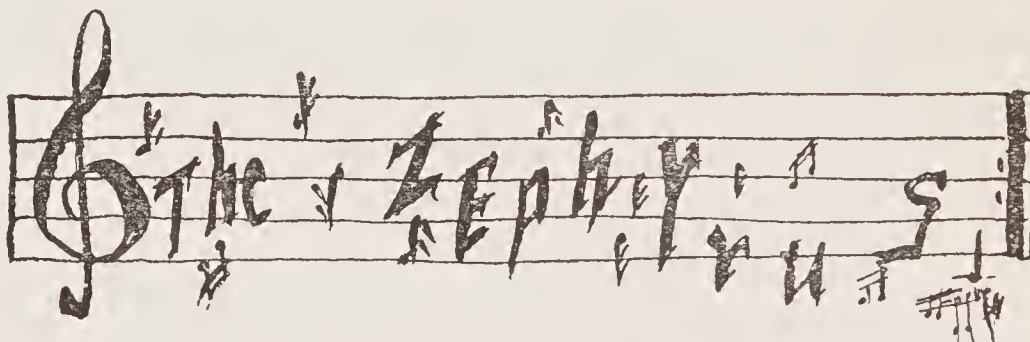
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EDITORIALS.

Spring has come! for the twenty-first of March is past and gone. It came with the coldest of winds and passing downfalls of snow. But we know 'tis spring, for the calendar says so. You can see the daffodils lifting up their yellow cups, and the crocuses peeping through in unexpected places. They know that it is Spring, even if we doubt it. Some signs of the new season may also be noted in the High School—spring fever. You can see the students nodding their heads in gentle slumber or gazing dreamily out over the waters. Like the daffodils and crocuses, they know that Spring is here.

* * * * *

"I saw your 'Ad' in The Zephyrus." Let this be our slogan.

We want each one of you to look carefully through the "Ads" in this paper, and if you buy anything of any one of these firms tell them "I saw your 'Ad' in The Zephyrus." If you do not do this, how can they find out what benefit is derived from advertising in it. There are over two hundred of us, surely we can impress the business men that their interest is not useless. Perhaps you can persuade some merchant who doesn't advertise with us to give us an "Ad" if you talk with him, and let him see that we appreciate his kindness. Make these advertisements a paying business for the towns people, not a charity affair. "I saw your 'Ad' in The Zephyrus"—don't forget it.

* * * * *

If you have suggestions to make in regard to material or arrangement of The Zephyrus give them to the editors. It's your paper. It goes out from here to other schools representing your school, not the staff. The editors may not see all of the mistakes—they need help. You will be doing them a kindness if you make corrections and suggestions to them.

* * * * *

Do you read our exchanges? They are placed on the reading table in the study hall. From them you will find what other schools are doing. You will find, too, what they think of our paper.

* * * * *

The thing that keeps the school alive is the spirit shown by the different societies and classes. The friendly rivalry among the literary societies is the strongest. It is doing much to develop their resources and raise their standards. Each society vies with the others in trying to reach the top, and thus puts forth its best efforts and uncovers new material. The inter-society debates did much to increase this spirit, and it has been kept alive by the indoor track meet and basket ball games. This spirit is what is needed to make things go with a vim.

* * * * *



The Sage of Sickafosse Center

A young fellow asked another why he went out of church during the sermon, and his friend remarked that he always had the habit of walking in his sleep.

* * *

Uncle Hiram says, "Women ain't got no sense of humor. Look at the hats they wear."

* * *

A cash register has prevented many a clerk from becoming a millionaire.

* * *

The term "Divers Disease" probably means water on the brain.

* * *

Many a child is like an all wool garment—that is he shrinks from washing.

* * *

Many a man who joins William Finley's crusade to save the birds does so only to evade millinery bills.

* * *

A young fellow asked another if he thought the hobble skirt would ever go out, but he smilingly answered, "Not with me."

* * *

The difference between learning golf and learning motoring is that in golf at first you hit nothing, but in motoring, everything.

* * *

No woman fully forgave her husband for not being a hero.

* * *

When I meet a woman who does not complain of the terrible slavery of house-keeping I don't begrudge her the time in taking off my hat to her.

* * *

In the country town every man claims to be from New York, and every oyster claims to be Blue Point.

* * *

A boy never believes that work develops his muscles as much as gymnasium practice.



A. H. S. Calendar

(Margaret Pinnell.)

Feb. 11—Has anybody seen the Librarians?

Feb. 12—Talking about English h's, Carolyn W. after basket ball practice, "I want some fresh hair (air)."

Feb. 13—Contest for Zephyrus prizes begin.

Feb. 14—Valentine's Day. Miss I. Pritchett's room is perfumed for the occasion. Oh, those hyacinths!

Feb. 17—First test of term. Rumors of girls' track.

Feb. 18—Connie and Dorothy D. put in joint claims for the fourth seat in the study room.

Feb. 20—Boys' basket ball pictures up for inspection. General verdict, "Might be worse."

Feb. 21—First meeting of societies.

Feb. 24—Lost—Chem. recitation room. Seniors wander in the halls in search of a place to recite.

Feb. 25—Constance introduces a new style in hats—latest creation from Turkey.

Feb. 26—The English VII class make attempts to write wifely letters, such as Miss Ward used to write.

Feb. 27—Leo gives the girls a few pointers in powdering. Which is the more experienced?

Feb. 28—Oh, those football expenses!

Mar. 3—"A choking sensation" encountered in the Chem. laboratory.

Mar. 4—News from Australia. Who said Julia was lonesome?

Mar. 5—A crime committed in History VII. Louise M. kills the recitation with questions.

Mar. 6—Jack and Ivor hold a private concert in the art class. Both were base (bass)!

Mar. 7—Chem. recitation interrupted. Seniors so sorry!

Mar. 8—The members of the faculty find a new method for taking pictures with the river as backing ground. Mr. J and Miss S. agree that it is as easy to get the setting as "falling off a log."

Mar. 10—Class of 1913 start a post card exchange—each one has a private "rogues gallery."

Mar. 11—George is proudly escorted to the cloak room door by a very unsteady subject, "King Barley Corn."

Mar. 12—The Wauregans take the laurels in the inter-society track team.

* * * * *

* * * * *

WANTED—More classy jokes.

The Editors.

* * * * *

If flunk we must,

In God we trust.—

The Seniors.

* * * * *

English I, Miss Pritchett—"Mr. Fertig, can you tell me why we always connect Sheats & Kelly?" (Keats and Shelly.)

School Notes

(By Arthur Fertig.)



On Friday, March Fourteenth, the students of the A. H. S. had the pleasure of hearing an address given by Mr. Washburn, of Monticello, Minn. Mr. Washburn is a veteran of the Civil War and served in the army during the great trouble with the Sioux Indians in Minnesota.

He told us many interesting and instructive things about the conditions of the troops and the country during the Rebellion and the

Indian wars of the West. The students enjoyed the address immensely and would be glad to hear Mr. Washburn again should he ever return to this section of the country.

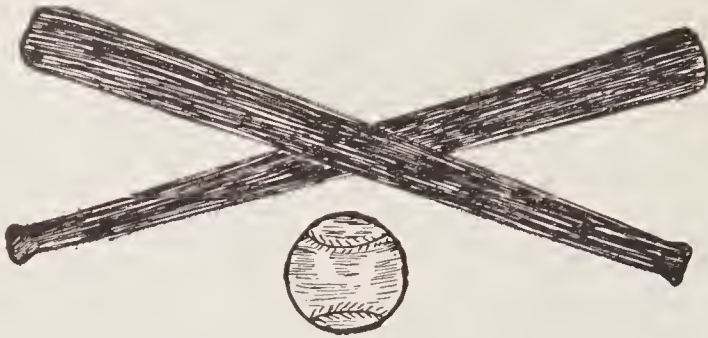
* * *

The sweaters for the football men have arrived, but owing to a mistake made by the manufacturers, they will not be presented at once. The letters on the sweaters did not suit the members of the team, so Manager Reifel is having them replaced by suitable ones. The sweaters are of excellent quality, and will be greatly prized by the men.

We regret very much that we cannot write about the "I thank you for the honor you have bestowed upon me," and the "embarrassments," but we shall give you that in our next issue.

The men who will receive the sweaters this year are, Saunders, Furney, Nelson, Malarkey, Anderson, Backlund, McConnon, Eckstrom, Torkelson, Malagamba, Billie, Riefel and Fertig.

* * * * *



Athletics

BASKET BALL.

(By Martin Nelson.)

A. H. S. vs. Columbia Club.

Perhaps the fiercest game of basket ball ever witnessed in the High School gymnasium was with the Columbia club, of Alderbrook. From start to finish each team played with a tenacious zeal. The final score was 26 to 25 in favor of the High School and it shows how closely the game was contested. First one side would lead by one or two points and then a basket by the other side would put them in the lead or make it a tie score.

At times the players were decidedly rough and fouls were of frequent occurrence, although neither side converted them into many points. McCloskey and Langhardt played a good game for the Columbia club, while Furney and Burns were the star basket shooters for the High School. Gerding was handicapped by injuries sustained in practice and was unable to play but a few minutes in the last half.

* * *

A. H. S., 18.—Vancouver High, 11.

On March the Seventh the V. H. S. team came to Astoria and played a fast, clean game against the quintet representing the purple and gold.

The supporters of the home team turned out in a goodly number, and all were satisfied that the last game of the season was

worthy of their efforts in hill climbing and in getting "their money's worth."

Astoria got the first two baskets and added to this lead until at the end of the first half the score was 9 to 5. In the second half Vancouver came back with a determination to win out despite their opponent's lead, and succeeded in tying the score, 11 to 11, but Astoria braced at the crucial moment and didn't allow another basket the rest of the game, while the work of Furney, Billie and Burns netted seven points for us before the whistle blew, thus making the final score 18 to 11.

Sanders played a good game at guard and seldom allowed his man to do any dangerous work with the ball. Nelson, playing the other guard, put up a consistent game.

* * * * *

INDOOR TRACK MEET.

On March the Twelfth a track meet was held in the High School gymnasium. Events for both the boys and girls were staged. Great interest was shown by the fact that the rivalry between the entries was very keen and an enthusiastic bunch of track aspirants responded to the first gymnasium meet that was ever held within the school.

Instead of being an inter-class meet, as is generally the case, it was between the four societies of the school.

The Wauregans won first place with 43 points; the Forums second with 36; the Adelprians third with 11, and the Alfredians fourth with 9 points.

The Wauregan girls won the most points from their list of entries and made a remarkable showing in athletic agility. Following is the list of events and order of places made by the contestants:

Standing broad jump—Beard, first; Fertig, second; Nelson, third.

20 Yard dash—Nelson, McConnon, Gilbert.

20 Yard hurdle—Nelson, Fertig, Beard.

Rope Climb—Molagamba, Lagus, Nelson.

High Kick—Beard, Lagus, Fertig.

Potato Race—Carlson, Fertig, Moad.

Sack Race—Nelson, Molagamba, Griffin.

High Jump—Nelson, Furney, Thompson.

Three-legged Race—Griffin-Nelson, Hardesty-Dyer. Carlson-Moad.

Relay Race—Won by Wauregan Society.

Order of Places in Girls' Events.

20-Yard Dash—Ruth Spande, Ellen Wilson, Rose O'Farrell.

Standing Broad Jump—Gladys Pearson, Ethel Rich, Ruth Spande.

Potato Race—Ruth Spande, Rose O'Farrell, Eugene Karlson.

Relay Race won by Adelphian Society.

* * * * *

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

Basket Ball.

The Junior and Sophomore girls met in the fastest and best game of the season Tuesday, February 25th. Both teams were evenly matched, and for some time no score was made. The first half ended with a score of 5 to 4 in favor of the class of '14. The second half began with both teams doing their best to win. In spite of the good guarding of the Sophomores the Juniors succeeded in throwing three field baskets, which made their score eleven. The Sophomores added three points to their score and the game ended 11 to 7 in favor of the Juniors. Both teams played well. Jennie Bangsund secured the most points for the Juniors. The line-up of the teams was as follows:

Juniors		Sophomores
Jennie Bangsund	Forwards	Helen Hay
Hazel Pinnell		Louise Morgan
Gladys Pearson	Center	Rose O'Farrell
Ethel Rich	Guards	Ruth Spande
Carrie Glaser		Imogen Lynch

* * *

The Freshman-Sophomore game played February 18th was won by the latter by a score of 9 to 1. The Freshmen played a fast game but could not make any baskets on account of the good guarding of the Sophomores. The line-up of the teams was:

Sophomores		Freshmen
Louise Morgan	Forwards	Lydia Karka
Helen Hay		Jennie Eskelson
Rose O'Farrell	Center	Elizabeth Hart
Ruth Spande	Guards	Florence Reed
Ellen Wilson		Jane Smith

Societies and Classes

WAUREGAN NOTES.

(By Timon Torkelson.)



The first program in the Wauregan Society for the new semester was held on February 21st in their usual meeting room. Every number on the program was excellently rendered and received very favorable commendation from the critic. Wauregan spirit prevailed, and when the matter of participating in the indoor track meet was brought forward it was adopted with acclamation. Louis Malagamba and Rose O'Farrell were elected managers of the boys' and girls' teams respectively—the result of their labors were seen on the day of the meet, the account of which can be found in the Athletic Department of "The Zephyrus." Although the enthusiasm over this election would have sufficed for entertainment for the whole hour, more enjoyment was squeezed into that short period, and the following program was enjoyed to its fullest extent by every Wauregan present:

1. Inaugural Address Arthur Fertig
2. Essay on Washington John Rieth
3. Recitation, "Landing of the Pilgrims" .. Ruth Spande
4. Historical Papers of Colonial Period in the United States—
 - (a) Social Condition Rose Aviana
 - (b) Military Condition John Finney
5. Piano Solo Elsie Youngstead
6. Recitation (Concord Fight) Semri Keiski
7. Book Review (Man Without A Country).....

..... Gail Hardesty
8. Recitation (Death Bed of Benedict Arnold)

..... Rose O'Farrell

In addition to the above the Society was favored by a few popular selections on the piano by Miss Cron, who was visiting the Society with Gail Hardesty.

* * *

FORUM NOTES.

(By Dorothy Epping.)

The regulation day for the Literary Society meeting was February Twenty-eighth. In the Forum Society President Nelson gave his inaugural address. He said that this term's work should be made to rise above the standard, and gave various reasons and pointed out causes which should induce the Forumites to take the lead among the Literary Societies of the school. His address was well received, and even the first meeting of the new regime proved vastly superior to all the former efforts of the Society.

The program, consisting of a reading by Donald Roberts; recitation, Myrtle Trosper; extemporaneous speech, Dorothy Epping; piano solo, Georgiana Garner; "Good-night, Little Girl, Good-night," by Dorothy Montgomery, was exceptionally good.

At the meeting boys' and girls' track managers were elected. Carolyn Waterhouse and Wetzel Griffin were chosen to the places. This was the first meeting at which the new Freshmen were present, and they were favorably impressed and duly inspired with the work of the Society. Miss Karl Pritchett is our joint advisor with Miss Wise for this term.

* * *

ALFREDIAN NOTES.

(By Carrie Glazer.)

The Alfredian Society held a very interesting program on February 21. The election of boys' and girls' track managers took place. Gladys Pearson was elected girls' manager and Leo Furney boys' manager. It was also decided to put the Alfredian Society picture in the Annual.

The new members who were received into the Society were: George Salvon, Peter Tsigris, Hazel Graves, Lois Chrisholm, Edith Davies, Dorothy Wootton and Florence Reed.

The following program was well rendered:

Inaugural Address Albert Anderson
Debate—"Resolved; That examinations should be abolished in the High School."

Negative Anna Sunell, Charles Neimala
 Affirmative Fred Brakke, Osmo Manula
 Reading Dorothy Wootton
 Current Events George Kaboth
 Paper Samuel Vannice
 Piano Solo Dorothy Stone
 Reading Ivor Ross
 Reading Fereida Ball
 At the conclusion of the program a few extemporaneous
 speeches were made.

* * *

ADELPHIAN NOTES.

(By Hilda Peterson.)

The Adelpian Society held its first meeting for the semester in Miss Ward's room on February Twenty-first. Six new members, all Freshmen, responded to the roll-call for the first time. We are glad to have them in our Society and extend to them a hearty welcome. After the minutes had been read and approved, the following interesting program was rendered:

Inaugural Address President Alfred Anderson
 Humorous Recitation Edward Westersund
 Reading Einard Lebeck
 Prophecy Frances Hedges
 Declamation Charles Fulton
 Recitation Janet Reed

In his inuagural address the president promised to put forth his best efforts for the welfare of the Society. This he cannot do alone, so it is the duty of each member to help him with all of his zeal. The prophecies predicted for the members of the Society were heartily received.

After the program a business meeting was held, during which the members decided to have the picture of the Society put in "The Zephyrus." To meet the expense incurred a tax of ten cents was levied on each individual. For the indoor track meet Vivian Suti was chosen manager of the girls' team and Carl Sanders of the boys'.

* * *

SENIOR NOTES.

(By Dea Imel.)

A meeting of the Seniors was called for March Sixth for the

purpose of selecting a suitable emblem for the class. The president appointed Dorothy Epping, Tong Sing and Rose Anderson to act as a committee of three to decide on a design for class pins.

Some very beautiful and expensive copies of famous masterpieces have been in the possession of the High School for some time. The matter of framing them was taken up, and Emma Wootton, Marguerite Pinnell and Dea Imel were appointed by the president as a committee to look after the same. On March 18th the class decided to frame three of them, consisting of "Cicero's Oration Against Cateline," "Dance of the Nymphs" and a portrait of Lincoln. The Seniors deserve much credit for their thoughtfulness in preserving these works of art.

* * *

JUNIOR NOTES.

(By Dorothy Montgomery.)

At the last Junior meeting a committee was appointed to draw up a petition to be presented to the school board for a Junior play to be given at the Crystal Theater. This petition was sent and approved by the board, and the Junior class is now making preparations to present some good "stunts" in the near future.

The Junior Class has held two candy sales, both being very successful, and several other affairs are being planned.

* * *

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

(By Jessie Garner.)

A called meeting of the Sophomore Class was held on the third of this month for the purpose of deciding whether or not the Sophomore Class should be represented by its picture in the Annual Zephyrus. It was decided to do this, and a fifteen cent tax was levied on each pupil for the purpose.

* * *

FRESHMAN NOTES.

(By Alma Peterson.)

The Freshman Class meeting was called to order by the president February 28th, 1913. A special tax was levied in order to pay the expense of having the class picture published in "The Zephyrus Annual." Besides this, a regular class tax of ten cents was levied.

Alumni



Notes

Class of 1893.

It is interesting to note that it is almost twenty years since the first class was graduated from the Astoria High School. The class of 1893 has three members—Kate Dement (Mrs. Hamilton), Martha Gilbert (Mrs. Finch), and John C. McCue. All of them make their homes in Portland. Mr. McCue is a prominent lawyer and an ex-member of the State Legislature.

* * * * *

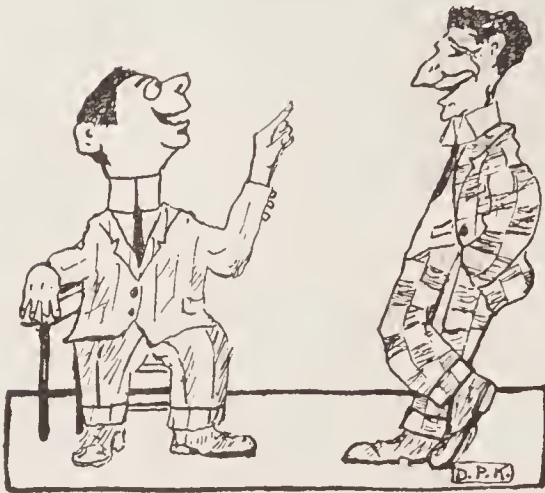
Class of 1903.

The class of 1903 has ten members. Ethel Timmons (Mrs. Gamble), lives in Bandon, Oregon. William Wood is a fruit-grower of Washougal, Wash. Laura Fastabend (Mrs. Wooden), makes her home at Jewel, Oregon. Alvin Campbell is in business in Portland. Alice Goddard (Mrs. Howard), is visiting her mother in Upper Astoria, but her home is in South Bend. Grover Utzinger is Teller at the Astoria National Bank. Mary Dawson is in the employment of the McKee Lumber Co., at Seattle. Felix Moore is Principal of the Ashland High School, at Ashland, Oregon. The other two members of the class are Laurids Lauridson and Emelia Una.



Exchanges

(By Emily Sanders)



"The Klakahma," Bandon, Oregon, is a promising paper and we wish you success.

We might suggest that you print the name of your town and state on your cover.

"The Wigwam," North Yakima, Wash. Your literary department is particularly good. On the whole your last issue is much better than the preceding one.

"The What Not," Milton, Oregon, is a small paper but interesting, nevertheless. The print is rather fine.

"The Cadet," San Diego Army and Navy Academy, Cal. A well balanced paper. May we suggest a "Table of Contents?"

"The Orderly," Hill Military Academy, Portland, Oregon. We are glad to see an "Exchange Department" in your paper.

"The Columbiad," Columbia University, Portland, Oregon. Your paper lacks nothing except cuts. Your short verse is always good.

"The Tahoma," Tacoma, Washington, has a large supply of good cuts which contribute greatly to its attractiveness.

* * * * *

Gilbert—"Say, Ross, have you a quarter?"

Ross—"Naw, but say, I knew a man who had an uncle whose grandfather knew a boy whose father had a nephew whose mother had a father who knew a Dutchman that owned a quarter, but he's dead now, and I don't know what became of the quarter."

* * *

Sherman M.—"Don't you think my mustache is becoming?"

Constance F.—"It may be coming, but I don't see it."

Jokes

Little Jokelets now and then,
Are worshiped by the Zephyrus
men.

* * *

Mr. J., in Hist. VII.—“What
would happen if the cotton
crop should fail this year?”

Cotton N.—“The barber shops
would go broke.”

* * *

Elsie O.—“Is your nose al-
ways red like that?”

Molly—“It's red 'till I blow
it, then it's blew.”

* * *

He gave her a ring,
She hated the thing—
But she could not give it back;
He gave it one day,
He gave it to stay —
'Twas a ring on her card, alack!

* * *

Ross—“I know how you can have your voice improved a hun-
dred per cent.”

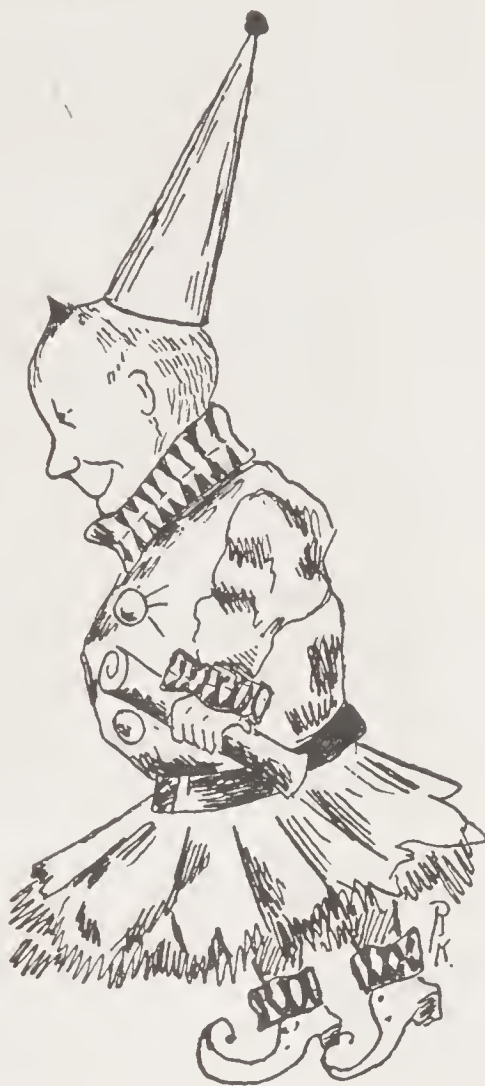
Mitchell—“How?”

Ross—“Get your throat cut.”

* * *

Miss Pritchett—“Well, DeWitt, how are you making it on the
track team? Is anyone beating your time ”

Gilbert—“A guy's beating my time, all right, but he isn't on
the team.”



Joke:—Fred Brach regulates the stars, the moons and the plan-
ets from his little stool in the “Accurate Time Shop.”

Song of the Business Manager.

We are going to buy your dry goods,

We are coming to your store—

Don't worry, you'll see us coming

E'er another month is o'er.

We'll patronize you always,

For necessities or fads—

We're going to trade at your store,

If you'll give "The Zephyrus" ads.

* * *

D. E.—"Arthur said it was awful cold this morning."

D. M.—"Arthur who?"

D. E.—"Our thermometer."

* * *

L. Furney—"I was a Colonel in the Mexican War."

B. Burns—"Which, in the Revolutionary Army?"

L. F.—"No, I was a pea-nut kernel."

* * *

C. M., Geom. I.—"I can do everything in these theories but put in the morals."

* * *

What do we care for demerits—we've got lots of them.

* * *

Well! well! Bill Kinney's canned again. Regular Kinney's cannery, isn't it?

* * *

If a waiter waits, does an usher usher?

* * *

Senior—"Have you had a ride in the new dead wagon yet?"

Jack Holt—"Why, no."

Senior—"Well, everybody's dying to do it."

* * *

A. Bremner—"Ever look at a diamond thru a microscope?"

J. Dyer—"No, but I've seen one thru a window."

* * *

Papa Beard—"Now remember, my son, that there are other things in high school besides putting all your time on the track team."

Eddie—"Yes, papa, but don't you think I'm too light for football or basket ball?"

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* * *

Miss W.—“Why did the Puritans plant corn over the graves of their dead brethren?”

Freshie—“Cause they died of starvation.”

* * *

Dom. Science Teacher—“What is a doughnut?”

V. F.—“A doughnut is a man that’s gone crazy over money.”

* * *

E. Y.—“I cut my finger on the piano.”

N. T.—“How did you do that?”

E. Y.—“Oh, I just struck F sharp.”

* * *

Roberts—“Say, let’s have a duet, DeWitt.”

Gilbert—“I cant do it (duet).”

* * *

Mistress—“Do you know anything about your master’s whereabouts?”

“Hired Girl—“No ma’am, but I think they’re in the wash.”

* * * * *



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WHO'S WHO AND WHY.

(By Dorothy Montgomery.)

Haven't you seen him hurrying up the hall three minutes late for class, or in and out of "The Zephyrus" office (generally there), and never without a Zephyrus peeping from his coat pocket? I am sure you have, because he is too tall and good-looking not to attract attention. Timon is the Business Manager of "The Zephyrus", and that accounts for his always being so busy and always in such a hurry. Altho' usually in a rush, his good humor prevails, and everyone says, "He is a real good fellow."

* * *

There are two girls in the High School who have vigorously helped to uphold the girls' athletics. They have practiced hard, and for their work have gained the reputation of "all around good athletes." Rose O'Farrell is especially good in Basket Ball, and Ruth Spande "held her own" in the recent track meet, scoring the largest number of points gained by the girls.

* * * * *

AS APPLIED TO—

Timon Torkelson—"Half the joy of life is in little things taken on the run."

Sherman Mitchell—"If we could see ourselves as others see us we wouldn't believe it."

Mignon Allen—"Oh, that you were yourself."

Emma Wooten—"Gentle in personage and conduct, generous and free."

Lorens Logan—"Like a turnip, he hides his swelling head in a cap."

Dorothy Montgomery—"Your good disposition is more valuable than gold."

Leo Furney—"One of those lean, hungry, good-natured sort of fellows."

Jimmie Moberg—" 'Tis what you are, 'tis not size that counts."

DeWitt Gilbert—"The emptiest man of the world is the one who is full of himself."

"Ikey" Ross—"I know him by his falcon eye,"—(and bum jokes.)

Martin Nelson—"All delight in true and earnest thinkers."

Wetzel Griffin—" 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

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